

THE CANDELABRA IS
HERE AGAIN

CANDELABRA are again used for the dining table, and very quaint, charming and decorative they are, too, in that place. Two-branched ones look well on small tables; four or six-branched ones are suitable for larger boards.

Valuable old candelabra are to be found in the shops where antiques are sold, for their recrudescence is so recent that the women who follow the fads of the day have not yet had time to snap them up.

The pelerine, sometimes known as the Victorine, made of taffeta, trimmed with a rose-quilling, made with sloping shoulders, and looking like a picture from Godey's date eighteen-fifty-something, is among the newest and most entrancing of the season's wraps.

THE YOUNG
HOUSEKEEPER
SAYS

THAT never was there a time when skill in the housewife's arts was more desirable than now that the war, the Salanie Majesty, or some contingency not known

to her has raised the price of food-stuffs almost to the point of desperation. With all meats advanced in price to a height not reached here since the Civil War; with sugar, flour, coffee and numberless other groceries more expensive than ever before in her recollection, the ability to economize and still give her brood nutritious and appetizing food is of inestimable value to any woman.

It is certain that many families which have hitherto insisted upon having meat at least twice a day will become vegetarians if this condition continues; and only the rich and the great will be able to eat porthouse steaks and lamb chops.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER says that the piece de resistance for her dinner today was stewed chicken. Now that sounds rather a humdrum thing for a feast day and yet it was greatly enjoyed by her family. When the chicken was cooked a rich gravy was made for it in the usual fashion and to it were added half of a tencent can of pimentos, and the remainder of a can of mushrooms, the greater part of which had been used the day before. When the whole was very hot a sheet of crisp pastry which had been made in readiness was taken from the oven and cut into

Egg-Rolling for the Children --- Did You Wear Something New Today?

EASTER and spring!

The things are synonymous. The jonquils and narcissi which are in bloom in fields and gardens, the bursting into leaf and bud of shrub and tree, all speak as plainly of the Resurrection as do church bells and the hurrying congregations.

Where a few short weeks ago all seemed dead and sere and brown, now is the green of new life. The tomb has opened!

Christ is risen.

He is risen indeed.

Children's parties will be a feature of the week. Egg-rolling, for instance.

Egg-rolling, copied in bare-faced

fashion from the custom inaugurated long ago at the White House, are now a part of Easter festivities all over the country wherever, that is, there is a slope sufficiently steep to lend itself to the game. A modern addition to the simple old sport of rolling the eggs down an incline consists in setting up fluffy stuffed chickens and ducks on it. The game is to see how many of these can be knocked down by the rolling eggs; a sort of glorified, refined and romantic bowling. Candy eggs are now sometimes substituted for the hard-boiled, dyed variety, but no child with sporting instincts will

front paws of a bunny rabbit, those making the effort being of course blindfolded.

The prizes might consist of those sugar eggs so dear to the hearts of childhood, which upon being opened reveal a center richly upholstered in bonbons.

Here's guessing that many a pair of immaculate white gloves conceals to day fingers with tips dyed all of the colors of the rainbow in a worthy but messy cause.

There's an old, old superstition which says that the person who does

sweetly fresh collars were conspicu-

ous. Convention says that new hats and new gowns shall not make their appearance for the first time on Easter Sunday; superstition says that something new must be worn. In this pulchritudine contest the only thing to do is to compromise, and the majority of us do this by wearing some trifling article which will not attract general attention.

But you no doubt remember my reader, and so do I, when we counted that a lugubrious Easter when we did not prance forth clad from head to foot in new spring duds, shining, un-sullied, crying aloud to high Heaven to witness the fact that we were fresh from the shop's stock.

Many's the Easter sermon which

has gone unheeded, alas, because the new Easter bonnet did not sit well on heads unaccustomed to its vagaries. And many's the prayer that never to Heaven went because the thoughts of her who prayed were centered uncontrollably on epic and span raiment.

Perhaps then it was in the interests of religion that convention decreed some twenty years ago that resplendent new things should be tabooed on Easter day. Perhaps it was. Madame La Mode will not tell and no one else knows.

To rub hard soap over the bottom of a granite sauceman before placing it on the fire will cause black to wash off like magic.

DIVIDED VEGETABLE
DISHES CONVENIENT

Of course the divided vegetable dish is not new, but it seems lately to have become more popular than ever. No longer are spinach and peas and beans and potatoes and all of the rest of them served solus in great dishes heaped to the top and full almost to overflowing. Now when you go out to dine the dishes proffered you generally divided, sometimes into two, sometimes into three parts, with a modest portion of a different vegetable in each part. But since relays are constantly coming from the kitchen, the small amount presented to you need occasion you no embarrassment in helping yourself liberally. There's sure to be enough for all.

The divided vegetable dish comes in silver, Sheffield and china, and is very useful and attractive no matter of what material made.



Beware the Dress Reformer
For She's Sure To Be Crazy, Says This Strong-Minded And Sensible Young Woman.

"SEE," said the girl, as she put four lumps of sugar into her tea, "that some silly suffragette is urging all women to cut their hair short and wear it so."

"Um-m," replied the hostess who was busily engaged in looking inside the sandwiches to find one made of olives, and who knew that the girl needed no encouragement to talk.

"When I hear a woman who has a

glorious mass of auburn hair, curly auburn hair, mind you, suggesting that we all go short-haired I will know that she is sincerely in favor of this reform and has no ulterior motives in advocating it, but not until then will I pay any attention to such nonsense."

"So do I," said the hostess absently. "I have never seen a feminine person who advocated dress reform for her sex who was not a perfect fright," went on the girl easily, munching a stuffed date the while. "If they in-

stist that we wear trousers I suspect them of being knock-kneed; if they advise a loose, toga effect in dress I am morally certain that they have thick waists and round shoulders. When they say 'cut off your hair' I would take oath that they haven't any to cut off and that they are trying to get some innocent who has beautiful tresses to sacrifice them so that we may all start even, as it were."

"I do not like the fashions of the day, goodness knows," said the girl, "but I had rather go crinolined to my grave, looking like a barrel, front and back, than buck the fashion makers. Give you my word I never knew a dress reformer who was not crazy. The woman who does not follow her leader in the matter of clothes is a real nut. There are many imitation nuts but she is the real thing."

"My, but you are slangy," said the hostess. "Once I knew a woman who did not believe in stays," went on the girl. "When she was working she interpreted songs in a costume made up of a few draperies of cheese cloth, and nothing else. Rhythmic dancing I think she called it. She's in an insane asylum now."

"Then I knew a woman who would not wear a hat; had never worn a hat; would never wear a hat—not even at Easter. Her family put her away last week. One of my friends was an advocate that everyone should wear a uniform to church so that the poorest there would look as well as the richest. She married a man who beat sense into her. I had another friend who wore sandals and no stockings—a sort of Isadora Duncan fad. She used to go about the streets followed by jeering crowds, but she took pneumonia and died."

"Um-m," said the hostess.

"They all came to a bad end, then," interrupted the hostess, jocularly. "They did," responded the girl, squeezing the teapot, "as will every other woman who backs any radical reform in dress. The only sort of female who does such a thing is a crank and will eventually go where the good cranks go. Women are conventional



to the soul so when one does cut loose and particularly in the matter of clothes, it's a pretty good indication that she is abnormal. It's the little iron cell and the straight-waist-coat for her, sure."

"Um-m," said the hostess.

LITTLE FABLES OF THE
BUSINESS WORLD

Beginning Young

HERE was once a certain Young Man—a very young man. Aged about Twelve—who sure was There with the Push, the Hustle and the Efficiency Stuff. Later on, it may make him a Captain of Industry or, at least, a Big Gun who can Corner the Gasoline Market worse than it is Now. Moreover, this is a True Story—as any of the Office Force at the White House in Washington will tell you.

On Easter Monday, you will recall, it has long been the Custom to throw open the beautiful grounds of the Executive Mansion, with their long Vistas of rolling, velvety Lawns, to the Kids. Egg-rolling is the Order of the Day. That is, the Youngsters flock there by the thousands, with their baskets of gaily colored Easter Eggs and, all day long, roll their Eggs and themselves on the grass.

Recently, for various imperative reasons, this Easter Monday Egg-Rolling has been omitted; but it is a Custom that will never die and, it seems, will be Permitted Again this year.

Well, to return to our Hero. At the last Egg-Rolling on the White House grounds he entered with a few hundred other youngsters early in the morning. For a while he rolled his eggs and "pecked" them against the Fighting Eggs of his pals until all of his, even his Prize One, had been broken and carried off in Triumph by his rivals. Then, sick at heart, he passed out through the East Gate.

Just then—and this shows how he was There with the Good-Business Stuff—he happened to overhear one of the policemen on duty explaining to a man that, owing to the Crowds, no "grown-ups" would be admitted without children—the idea being that they were present solely to Take Care of the Youngsters.

Our Young Hero heard this same Cop make the same Explanation to a number of Grown-Ups who presented themselves for Admission and were Turned Down. Then he had his Big Idea.

He walked a Little Way down the street until he came across a nice, Kindly, Middle-Aged Couple.

Then he explained to his Wife that, with Our Hero clutched by the hand, the Cop on duty at the East Gate would let them Pass Through without question.

He did, too! And—the sly little Rascal—Our Hero actually called the



A Smile of Innocence Supreme on his Face.

Husband "Pa" and addressed his wife as "Ma" as they were entering. Once inside, he stuck with them until they came to a Bend in the Path and then said he'd have to Beat It Back Again.

"Well, well," laughed the Husband, "you're a Bright Boy; and but for you we'd be Standing on the Outside Looking In."

Here, my lad, here's a Quarter for you. The Wife gave him an affectionate Pat on his shoulder.

In one hour, Our Hero had Dead-Headed six couples, two Old Men and three Pretty Girls through the Gate. And from each of them he had Dragged Down anywhere from One Dime to Twenty-Five Cents. From each? Well, not exactly as easy as that. One of the Pretty Girls had attempted to Reward him with a Dazzling Smile and a Pinch on his Cheek. But he Wasn't Old Enough as yet to Fall for That Kind of Stuff.

"Say," he said to her, "what do I get for this? Come across! Loosen up! Y' don't think I'm Doing This for Fun, do you? Cross me palm with Silver—even a Dime'll do. This is my Busy Day!"

THE TOWNBREDS
& their Country Place

By Edward Riddle Padgett.

The Garden

CO the city man who plays at farming, the garden is the most fascinating of all phases of country life. But to the regular, dyed-in-the-wool farmer, it is merely a side-line—to be left, more or less, to "the women folks."

In the Townbred household at Five Oaks, both views prevailed. Mr. Townbred, typical city man that he was, had recently undertaken to interest himself in the tilling of the soil; and, true to type, he felt that the garden should be favored with a particular and undivided attention on his part.

Mrs. Townbred, who had long since proved herself a practical farmer, was vastly more concerned about the crops of the big fields—though the garden was by no means beneath her notice. In fact, last year, she had had the finest garden for miles around; and all the farmers admitted it, too, which is saying a great deal.

The other Sunday afternoon, the Townbreds strolled down to the garden—as yet but a stretch of bare brown earth, with marks of the plow still fresh upon it.

"It won't be long now, Ruthvin," remarked Mrs. Townbred as they stood by the fence and looked over, "until we'll have everything planted and—"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Townbred. "I've been planning just where we'll plant each thing for some time. In fact, I've spent considerable time at the office on it. Funny, isn't it, how fascinating gardening is?"

Mrs. Townbred looked at him a moment or two in surprise. "You—you—I—I—why—I," she stammered.

"Now," went on Mr. Townbred serenely, "we'll plant the sugar corn exactly where we had it last year—only more of it."

"But, Ruthvin, you can't do that!" she hastened to interpose. "You must never plant corn in the same ground two years in succession, you know. Really! Ask any farmer and why, the corn this year should be at the upper end of the garden, where the potatoes were last year, and the potatoes this year down where the corn was last year. Don't you see?"

Mr. Townbred stared at her and blinked. "What difference does it make?" he demanded belatedly. "Down in that lower end is just the place for corn—it looks so much better there, for one thing and—"

"I've a book at the house—from the Department of Agriculture—which will explain the matter to you," Mrs. Townbred answered patiently. "And the question of what you take out of your soil by growing certain crops is—"

Townbred. "Have it your own way—only I can remember that my grandfather's corn patch was always in the same place in his garden and, let me tell you, he had darn fine corn, too!"

"He'd have had better, had he known anything about rotation of crops, Ruthvin," Mrs. Townbred replied gently. "That's the difference between your old-time, set-in-his-ways farmer and the modern, scientific one."

Mr. Townbred sulked, picking up a handful of pebbles and tossing them idly at a fence-post.

"I think we'll plant Irish Cobbler and then McCormacks again this year," said Mrs. Townbred presently. "You can say what you want about McCormacks, but I don't mind their flavor in the least and they certainly do keep well. Why, Ruthvin, even now we're using some we've had in the cellar all winter and—"

"No!" thundered Mr. Townbred. In a this-is-final tone. "I'm willing to admit that you know a lot more than

I wasn't talking about sugar corn—Irish Cobbler and McCormack are names of potatoes!"

"Oh," gasped Mr. Townbred, in crestfallen tones.

For a while there was silence. Mrs. Townbred was eager to say something which would prove she had forgotten his "slip of the tongue," and yet hesitated for fear she'd say the wrong thing.

And Mr. Townbred, conscious of his awful "break," was trying to think up something that would impress her with the fact that he wasn't quite as ignorant of gardens and gardening as she might be justified in supposing.

"Now, about the beans," he said presently. "If there's anything I do love it's good lima beans. We ought to have a lot of them this year, Frieda."

"I hope so, Ruthvin—but they are hard to grow, you know."

Mr. Townbred assumed a wise and speculative look. "Don't you think John had better begin on them soon?"



"And the poles must slant toward the northwest."

he asked. "Gracious me, no!" Mrs. Townbred had not intended being quite so emphatic, but her desire to set him right carried her away a bit. "You mustn't plant limas, Ruthvin, until the ground is thoroughly thawed out and warm. And here, with the clay soil we have, it takes a long time for that. The season, too, this year, is very late—why, just think of our having snow in

turning valiantly to the attack, "when we do plant them, let's put them over there"—and he pointed toward a section of ground about in the middle of the garden and running to the opposite fence.

"And run the rows up and down this way instead of the other—just for a change from last year."

Mrs. Townbred hated to do it, for she realized herself that she had offered some sort of objection to his

THE shops are full of dainty articles for the bride, and the untidily but substantial muslin appears no more for her underthings. Instead all is pink or flesh-colored crepe de chine and satin.

These look gauzy and ethereal enough, Heaven knows, but 'tis said that they wear as well as our grandmothers' quarter-inch thick garments. Never were bridal gowns more beautiful. One to be worn on next Wednesday, consists of a three-tiered skirt of silver cloth, each tier edged with a narrow band of silver sequins. There is a wide girde of silver lace. The bodice is also of the lace and from its shoulders depends a long, graceful and detachable train.

The bride has worn pure white for so long a time that she wears it of it and welcomes the chance which the craze for silver effects gives her to escape it for the moment.

But on another bridal gown there

is evidence of a still greater revision from the all-white tradition. This one has, caught at the waist, a kind of pale pink chiffon, the long ends of which float over the front of the skirt, lending to it a warm roseate hue so elusive that no spectator will be able to say whether it was really there, or was only his imagination.

A pale pink cashmere frock with a deep cape collar, narrow vest, and deep cuffs of white embroidered or-gande, is a gem found in one troussseau, and intended for morning wear. Artificial flowers will be much worn this spring with coat suits. Among the new blossoms offered for sale are velvet nasturtiums, with the rich natural colors so well imitated as to deceive the most suspicious.

Tight lacing, it is said, will soon be distressing us again, for the new styles demand the small waist.

A thousand anathemas upon the man responsible!

every suggestion; but she felt that she just couldn't let him make such a serious blunder as his plan would bring about.

"I'm sorry, Ruthvin," she said, "but really we can't plant our limas that way. You see, lima-bean rows must always run from northwest to southwest, and the poles must slant toward the northwest."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Townbred. "Yes. It's an old superstition, but—"

"Ha!" cried Mr. Townbred. "Ha! Superstition, huh? Well then, how about this darn scientific farming you're always talking about? How about that?"

"But," continued Mrs. Townbred serenely, "the Department of Agriculture also says the same thing, and gives a practical explanation for it, which isn't based on superstition at all. I'll show you that in one of their bulletins, too, when we go to the house."

"Anything else?" asked Mr. Townbred, slyly. "Seems to me this lima bean is a—"

"Yes, Ruthvin. You must always plant limas in the dark of the moon. That is, when there is no moon and—"

Mr. Townbred fairly doubled up with laughter. "Well—well—" he gasped when able to speak, "of all the fool things I ever heard of! I guess that's scientific, too, huh? I guess that isn't just rank old superstition?"

"It's a plain, hard fact!" retorted Mrs. Townbred. "As you'll discover for yourself—if you plant them any other time."

"Lima Beans! Lima Beans!" cried Mr. Townbred. "Goo-oo-ood, night! No wonder they cost so much. Why—why—they're as temperamental as a Grand Opera singer, aren't they? That's it—the temperamental Bean! Hum! You go ahead and plant. I'll get mine out of cans! The fiddlers with the old garden, anyway—it's more trouble than a baby!"